

"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

Suck

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"OUR MUTUAL FRIEND."

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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF - - JOS. KEPPLER
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EDITOR - - - - - H. C. BUNNER

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

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NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertisements or changes of Advertisements on 12th, 13th and 14th pages of PUCK must be handed in on Wednesday before 3 P. M.

Forms of the 15th page are closed Friday at noon.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

The Republican party is still engaged in the profitable occupation of trying to bite off its own head because its brains refused to serve it in the recent fight. Exactly what its motive may be is not clear. When all the men who claim the right of exercising their public rights according to their private conscience are driven out of the Republican party, how much better off will the Republican party be? When the Beechers and Curtises and Schurzes are finally and irrevocably expelled from the fold, will the Joneses and Elkinses and Dorseys who roll around in their places be any nearer to that success which they exalt over merit, honesty and principle?

And, as a mere matter of fact, what an absurd business is this "expelling" of Dudes-and-Pharisees and Mugwumps! You cannot expel a man from a party if he does not wish to go. You cannot afford to, of course; but you could not perform the feat even if you could afford to. The man who maintains the principles of a party, who honestly and faithfully labors for those principles on his own individual responsibility, is a member of that party, whether caucuses and conventions recognize him or refuse to recognize him. He alone can put himself without the party pale, and it rests with him to say just how long he shall stay outside.

And if his principles force him, in a given instance, to oppose his own party, his separation from that party lasts only so long as that party advocates men or measures which he cannot approve. When the party does what he holds to be right, and he once more gives it the support of his voice and his vote, he is a member of that party though every primary in the land should declare him anathema. And it is needless to say to thinking people that, however bitter may be the dissension between such a man and the organization from which he temporarily withdraws himself, he is emphatically a man to be welcomed back, when he does

come back, as a man of great worth. For, whether the majority agree with him or not, the man who can and will fight and suffer for conscience's sake is a man to be respected—a man of great value in a world that is only too apt to be selfish and over-politic.

The pension question—that is, the question of giving government pensions to those who have served the State—is always an awkward matter to deal with. It is hard to draw the line between what is just and what is unjust. It is hard to set limits to the kind or to the amount of service needful to establish a claim upon the State's gratitude. But it certainly seems that common-sense ought to put a large and solid stopper on what is known to Congressmen, lobbyists and shyster pension lawyers as the "Mexican war veteran" scheme. This is an extravagant absurdity, whose only real claim to consideration is the fact that it will help us to get rid of that surplus which is so greatly worrying our statesmen that while we have it they cannot attend to any public business other than trying to get rid of it. Beyond that, the bill will affect the public only in one way—it will be a step toward destroying the self-respect of the citizen, and making us a nation of paupers.

The adulteration of food has long been discussed in the papers as a piece of devilry that should be stopped by the imprisonment of the perpetrators. But this crime against the public stomach has lately been eclipsed by the fiends who are said to have used poison in the construction of the candy that glads the eye of childhood, and gilds the golden vistas of love's young dream. At any rate, vast quantities of this highly-colored stuff have been dumped into the rivers. This seems wrong, because the candy might poison the fish, and the fish would, in all probability, poison many of the faithful during the Lenten season.

We think it would be better to stock our forts with it, to mix with grape and canister. The candy-poison scare will, no doubt, be utilized profitably by all young men who are engaged to be married, while any modern Lucretia Borgia may give her victim taffy with success. It doesn't seem unreasonable to conclude that the doctors are in collusion with the candy fiends, because the stuff contains strong allopathic infusions that a man with two colds in his head could smell a mile off. We think that if this thing keeps up every medical college in the country will have a caramel chair.

TO A YOUNG LADY, WITH A CALENDAR.



I HAVE A COLD.

Day before yesterday I sneezed—sneezed again—sneezed a third, and a fourth, and a fifth time. These sternutations were the opening guns of the great battle between myself and Influenza. A man cannot indulge in five consecutive sneezes without the awful conviction striking him with Sullivanian force that a week of humiliating misery is before him; and yet he refuses to acknowledge his fate until, while walking briskly along some hours after, he feels a sensation in the upper part of the throat as of an endless chain of rat-tail files moving up and down in that highly useful passage, followed by a pin-and-needle feeling around the foundation and sub-cellar of his nose. Then he realizes his condition, and at night hastens to try that universally recommended and invariably useless panacea, a "sweat." After a night passed under a mountain of quilts and blankets, like the giant who was crushed beneath a volcano, (and I don't believe said giant was any hotter than the modern victim,) he awakes weak, feverish, aching, weary, dull, stupid, cross, despairing, hopeless, disgusted and pessimistic, with eyes like oysters on a half-shell of lurid red, while the fountains of the great deep are broken up, and a hurricane of sneezes tears up his whole mortal frame. This is the Influenza. I have it.

I go down-town, not because I am not ill enough to stay at home, but because it is one of the most provoking conditions of this disease that a man suffering from it is never technically sick—he is only "under the weather." (Great Julius Sneezer! If I were to have much of such weather over me I would stand from under it, if I had to go into the next world!) If I were sick I could remain in. Being "under the weather," I drag myself down-town, a figure of distress fit to stand as a model for any "Retreat from Moscow" ever painted.

I meet acquaintances. Some of them were my warm friends yesterday, but not to-day; for it is another aggravating circumstance about this despicable malady that no one ever pities a man with a cold, or evinces any but the baldest conventional sympathy for him, although he yearns for compassion as a young lawyer yearns for a family-quarrel.

Smith approaches. "You've got cold," he says, as if I were entirely ignorant of a fact upon which every inflamed membrane in my burning head makes me the highest living authority: "Take care of yourself, or you'll be sick." Take care of yourself! Yes, shut the stable-door, and put a Yale lock on it, for the steed has been Robesonized!

I meet Jones. "Why, man, where did you

get that cold?" demands he, like a policeman who encounters a tramp wearing a silk hat. Does he think I made violent and superhuman exertions to obtain this accursed affliction, or can he suppose that colds are so scarce that my possessing one should be a matter for wonder?

Robinson comes up, looks at me narrowly, and remarks: "What did you catch such a cold for?" (That's what I want to know.) He says this with a reproving air which puts me in the position of an abandoned and desperate character who willfully courts destruction in spite of all remonstrances. This is a favorite way of treating an influenza victim—to regard him as a criminal and a malefactor. If I had broken my arm, he would be brimful of pity. But I haven't; I only have a cold.

At the office I pass the day in moist misery, punctuated and acerbated by a hark-from-the-tombs sort of cough, which suddenly develops itself, and shakes up my throat and lungs like a pulmonary earthquake. I make frantic efforts to repress these noises, because I feel that everybody in the room looks upon me as a nuisance, (which, indeed, I am,) and seems to think that I got cold solely from a depraved and malignant desire to annoy them. I hold my breath, and strain and battle to keep quiet; but the repression only makes the explosion more pronounced when it does come, and scowls from all directions cause me to look upon myself as an outcast from society.

Next day I am worse, and in full enjoyment of all the blessings which Influenza bestows upon its servant. My relations with the rest of humanity now assume a new and more irritating phase. Everybody knows of some infallible specific for my complaint, ranging from tar-water to rum and molasses, and my volunteer physicians couch their prescriptions in all forms of English speech, from the recommendatory, "Now, if you will take—" to the imperative, "Go and get—" interspersed with anecdotes numberless as bills at New Year's about sundry aunts, cousins or grandmothers who tried the specific and were instantly cured, when with one foot in the grave and the other just slipping off the edge. I don't think the motive which prompts their advice is exactly charitable; it seems to proceed more from that peculiarity of human nature which causes every man in a crowd to make suggestions as to what should be done in any emergency, whether a woman faints or a car-horse falls down. I eagerly compound all the medicines, take them one after another—and then I get the dyspepsia on top of my cold!

But why continue this tale of woe? You have all had this experience, and will often have it again in this climate of ours, which covers three octaves of thermometer with perfect ease. A day comes when I am well and utterly forgetful of my past sufferings, while everybody else seems to have a cold. Then, in a fit of self-examination, I find that I act toward them just as they have acted toward me, making the same comments, asking the same questions, and concluding by mentioning the same wonderful remedy of my own—"works like a charm, I assure you—cured my uncle Anaxagoras when the doctors were giving him up and he was giving up the ghost!"

Truly, we are all weak and erring worms of the dust!

MANLEY PIKE.

Puckerings.



FOUR years ago! O Memory, what 's the tune
The birds were singing on that afternoon,
When homeward from the little church we went,
And saw upon the low blue heaven bent
The pallid crescent of the waiting moon?

What did they sing? I had a chance to hear—
The Autumn air was still and keen and clear,
Only the faintest sound of rustling sheaves,
And her small feet that stirred the withered leaves
Broke silence that grew momentarily more dear.

So tender was the stillness of the day
It lured the heart to Land o' Dreams away,
Where silence was so sweet, what word was there
To make the fondly foolish hour more fair?—
None, I bethink me, that I found to say.

Was there no blessed bird upon the bough
To twitter: "Carpe diem—ask her now!"
I know not; but I never stooped to see
The light of love I know she hid from me
Deep in the eyes beneath her low-bent brow.

Well, here 's to him who has the heart to know
What his heart wants! I was too timorous slow—
There came a cow—there rose a maiden's scream—
Gone, gone forever was the hour—the dream—
Not to return. That was four years ago.

NEVER JUDGE the toast by its quail.

A PITTSBURGH WOMAN shot and killed a man in that town last week because she "loved him." This is all right. A man whom a Pittsburgh woman could love is probably better dead than alive.

CONSIDERING THE temper and wordiness of a certain Western journal since the election, one is tempted to ask if the *Chicago Tribune* means anything by contracting the name of the paper in question to *Cin. Gaz.*

A COMPANY HAS been formed in Louisville to bore for natural gas in Kentucky. No one having the slightest acquaintance with the politicians of the State can doubt that the surface indications are excellent.

WHEN CHEAP Southern iron first loomed up before the astonished vision of the Pennsylvania pig-iron patriot, then, indeed, "the iron entered into his soul," and he asked: "Was the war a failure, and is Protection played out?"

A REPORT OF the fire at Harrigan & Hart's states that an officer rushed into the burning building and made heroic but futile efforts to save the safe. This seems a useless proceeding on the part of the officer. But, then, in the excitement of the moment, we would not be surprised to see the coolest head making heroic efforts to turn the hose on the water-tank.

NEW YORK might as well yield the palm for enterprise in journalism to the West without more ado. A special from Avondale, Ohio, to the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette* announces that "Miss Cora Brown has returned from visiting friends in New York City." Yes, during all the time that Miss Cora was here, not a single one of our so-called "great dailies" discovered that interesting fact.

THE CORRUPT REPUBLICAN GOVERNMENT CLERKS.



WHAT MAY BECOME OF THEM AFTER MARCH 4TH, 1885.

SHINBONES AT THE OPERA.

Snow and slush, worse than the plagues of Egypt, had settled down over the devoted (to beer) city of Hoboken. It was a miserable evening. Fog added to the general appearance of misery. But inside the cabin of Brother Peter Maguff an air of comfort reigned. The tallow dip sputtered right merrily, and so did the appropriated logs in the fire-place. Peter had finished his evening meal, and was engaged in his customary occupation of extracting "Oh, Susannah!" from the sole surviving string of his aged and decrepit banjo. Presently he heard a knock at the door, and his face brightened as he recognized in it the artistic rapping of Brother Shinbones Smith.

"Howdy, Brudder Shinbone, howdy?" he said, as he admitted the eminent gentleman.

"Wal, Brudder Petah," answered Shinbones: "Ise done gone got jess a little tech o' de rheumatics. Odderways dis hyar aged cullud pusson am prewaricatin' along de paff ob life wid extinction."

"Ise right glad fur ter heah dat," said Peter, as he pushed a three-legged stool into a comfortable place before the fire.

"It am de greates' comfut in dis hyar wuld," said Shinbones: "ter be widout bad healf. De man wot am in good healf hab got de dead-wood on life, an' don't yo' disremembah it."

"Wot yo' been a-doin' of sence I seed yo' last?"

"Wal, naow, Brudder Pete, Ise had one o' de bigges' 'sper'ences o' my life."

"How's dat?"

"Has yo' eber be'n ter de opror?"

"De wot?"

"De opror—de place war dem dar Payti an' Newader an' Scaltcheye sings."

"No. Gorrarity! Brudder Shinbone, does yo' t'ink Ise a Willum Wanderbilk?"

"Nuh, chile. But dis hyar niggah hab be'n dar."

"Sho'! Yo' don't tole me dat!"

"Dat dar am wot I'm a-tellin' yo'."

"Wal, wal, who'd hab dreamed dat? How'd yo' like it, Brudder Shinbone?"

"Wal, Brudder Pete, I don't t'ink much o' dat show. 'Tain't nateral, no way yo' kin look at it. But doggone me fur pickles ef dey hain't jess got de boss band."

"Wot's it like?"

"Wal, sah, dey's got about twenty little fiddles, an' half-a-dozen o' dem short fat ones wot de fellers hold 'twixt deir knees, an' half-a-dozen o' dem big bull-fiddles wot's taller dan de man wot plays onter 'em. Den dey's got a fife, an' a flute, an' some clarionets, an' two durned long wooden machines wid a brass pipe wot sounds like a hoss-fiddle w'en dey goes off. An' den dey has all kin's ob horns—big long horns wot de feller stretches w'en he wants ter blow hahd, an' little shoht horns wot mos' takes de ruff off'n de house, an' roun' kind o' horns wot sounds as ef dey had a cold in deir lungs, an' one big boss horn wot kin bark like a bulldawg. An' den dey has two drums wid only one side to 'em, an' a feller wot knocks de stuffin' right outen dem, an' one big bass-drum, an' a paiah ob smashahs."

"Wot?"

"Smashahs—round brass t'ings wot de feller hits tergedder an' den dey go bang!"

"Gosh!" ejaculated Peter.

"An' de singin'," continued Shinbones: "I tole you, chile, dey's got women ober dar kin holler wuss dan any pig yo' ebbah seed undah a gate."

"Umph, umph!" exclaimed Pete, lost in astonishment: "Wot war de opror like?"

"Wal," said Shinbones: "I tole yo' 'bout dat. De name o' de opror war 'Lucy.' 'Peahs like dis hyar Lucy she war soft onter a feller by de name ob Edgar Doe—a soht ob a no-

good snoozah, wot wore a slouch-hat an' a secon'-han' ahmy cloak, dyed black, an' cabalry-boots. But Lucy had a ole man, or a brudder, or somebody wot didn't cotton ter dis hyar Edgar Doe fur tuppence. He wanted her fur ter marry a swell wot wore a green coat an' a lace necktie. Wal, from whar I war sittin', up'n de gallery, he didn't look like he war much moah good dan Ed. Ef I'd ha' be'n Lucy, I'd radder married de boss fiddler, fur he war a daisy, an' wore a ginuine swaller-tail coat. Wal, 'peahs like dis hyar brudder or oncle ob Lucy he got her fixed so's she'd done gone gib up all hope ob marryin' Ed, an' war ready fur ter hitch ter de odder feller. Den dar war a scene wot showed de palace war Lucy libbed, an' I tole yo', chile, it war a boss big place. Dis hyar swell wot she war goin' ter marry, he comed in, an' de whul gang wot war a-standin' 'round de room sung at him, an' he sung back at dem, an' de bald-headed man wot war runnin' de band war shakin' his stick like all possessed, an' dey war all habbin' a gay ole time, an' dar war more singin' floatin' around dan de whul kentry could git away wid. Wal, de swell he come down ter a table an' writ on ter a papah. Den Lucy, lookin' all kinder bruk up, she went an' writ on ter it, too. Dat meant dat she war game fur de weddin'. An' den Edgar Doe he come a-sailin' inter de room, an' yo' kin bet yore boots dat he looked fightin' mad. He sailed down de middle, an' set up a yawp dat war simply 'mense. Lucy's gran'fadder or brudder, or wot-ebbah he war, jined in. Den de swell he come in, an' Lucy she opened up her squeak-valve, an' den de whul blame gang let loose. Umph, umph, chile! Yo' heah me shoutin'! Dar war moah music ter de square inch dan I ebbah heahed befoh. Den de nex' t'ing Ed Doe he sailed ober ter de table, an' grabbed up de writin'-papah an' ripped her all up inter bits; an' den he tuk Lucy by de wrist, an' tole her dat she war de blamedest, no-goodest gal he ebber seed. Den he gib her a sling wot like ter knocked her silly an' skipped out'n de room, an' Lucy she flopped ober onter de flooh, an' de feller wid de sticks knocked de insides out'n de bass-drum, an' de feller wid de bull-fiddle scraped a hole inter it, an' de curtain come down."

"War dat all?"

"Oh no, chile. In de nex' scene Lucy she

went crazy. An' den, gorrarity, niggah, yo' jess ort ter heah dat gal sing! She could sing all ober creation! She jess stahted off at de rate ob 'bout a mile a minnit, an' commenced fur ter rattle off de notes terrible. She begannd way down in her shoes, an' ran up de side o' de house, a-rattlin' all de way. My head begannd fur ter go 'round. Den she kinder got onter a landin'-place, an' stayed dar a-shakin'. Den I had de colic. Den she went sideways an' slantways, an' up de outside an' down de middle, an' aroun' de top an' undah de bottom, an' den she stopped a minnit fur ter take a breff, an' den she let out one yell dat knocked ebberyt'ing ter pieces, an' de ruff fell in an' de lights went out, an' somefin' busted in my head; an' de nex' t'ing I knowed I war sittin' out in de guttah wid my hat jammed down ober my eyes, an' a blame big policeman clubbin' me on de head an' sayin: 'Durn yore ole skin! Ef yo' ebbah whoop out like dat in dis hyar 'Cademy ag'in, yo'll git kilt.' An' den I picked myse'f up an' come home. But I tole yo', niggah, dat dar singin' o' dat gal w'en she got crazy hab jess about upshot me."

"Yo' kin bet yore life," remarked Peter, solemnly; "dat I don't go ter no opror. De minstrels am good 'nuff fur cullud people."

W. J. HENDERSON.

A PATENT-MEDICINE advertiser writes: "No lady of refinement likes to resort to superficial devices to supply a becoming semblance of her former beauty." This shows what he knows about ladies of refinement.

JOB HAD a great deal of patience, but he never tried to climb over an osage-orange hedge in a new ulster that came down to his heels.

FINGER-BOWLS will be made smaller than usual this Winter, as it is expected that guests will bathe before going to dinner.

THE BACK STOOP—Bending the Crab.

A PAPER-CUTTER—The Racing-Shell.

A BIG THING ON ICE—The Price.

"A DOUBLE DEBT TO PAY."



THE LATEST USE TO WHICH THE GRAND PIANO MAY BE PUT IN OUR CROWDED BOARDING-HOUSES.

WHAT WE SAW AT THE SOCIETY PLAY.

A TRAGEDY OF LIQUID ENAMEL.



"Ah, Gaston, have you come at last? I have been so lonely without you!"



"There, there, Clarisse, be calm; do not give way to this emotion! The Duc de Parleyvoo will be here immediately!"

CURRENT COMMENT.

HARD-FINISHED FURNITURE—The Table of Logarithms.

IF YOU would know the swiftness of Time's sand-glass, Look in your hand-glass.

TENNYSON FREQUENTLY refers to "Mother Age." It has now transpired that he meant the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty.

A **VARIETY COMBINATION** known as the "Solid Sixteen" started out on the road last month. It has now returned to liquideight.

THIS is the time of the year when the snow-bird bursts his pipe, and the plumber outbills Barnum and Forepaugh put together.

A **CONTEMPORARY** inquires: "What is a perfect nose?" A nose that keeps itself out of other people's business about answers the description.

"A **YOUNG MAN** married is a man that's married." Yes, Mr. Shakspeare, you are quite correct; but you shouldn't spell "ma" with an r on the end.

AN **ITALIAN** on a ferry-boat recently played "I'll hang my Harp on the Willow-Tree." We wish to goodness he would; but the trouble is that he won't.

SENORA LUZ BONALES, who died in Oaxaca, Mexico, lately, lived 111 years to a day. It is not stated whether she was a chorus-singer or a ballet-dancer.

NEARLY EVERY house in Mexico contains a piano or melodeon, and in spite of this fact President Diaz has the gall to encourage American immigration.

WHEN **BELVA LOCKWOOD** rides the tricycle she veils her face. If the tricycle had sense enough to appreciate the situation, it is thought it would wear a veil, too.

DURING THE fishing season the way of the grasshopper is hard.

THE INDIANS of Montana have given up burying their dead on elevated graves. This is not due so much to the influence of the missionaries as to the scarcity of wood.

A **CROCK** of butter fifty years old was recently found in an old well in Illinois. It is believed that the butter dug the well. The men who dug it out say it was strong enough.

"WHAT IS SO RARE as a day in June?" Oh, that's what you want to know, is it? Well, Delia, we know of something much rarer—broiled steak in a fried-steak boarding-house.

SO YOU want to know why a Turkish rug is like Gould, eh? Why because the older it gets the more it is worth, or because it is only fit to be used under foot, or something of that kind.

WHAT THIS country needs at present is a roller-skater with an air-brake attachment.—*Galveston News*. No, dear boy; what we want is a roller-skater with an air-cushion attachment.

"DID YOU make many calls on New Year's, Charley?"
"Only one; but that was enough."
"How was that?"
"The fellow I called had four aces."

IN MEM.

Now the wicker cradle's empty,
Little blue-eyed Willie's fled;
From the second-story window
Down he shot upon his head.

Put away his green suspenders,
Put away each little shoe,
Put away the old bean-shooter,
And the putty-blower, too.

Now we see the rubber rattle
All unrattled on the floor,
And the red and yellow jumping-
Jack that he will jump no more.

NOT PRACTICABLE HERE.

The *St. James's Gazette* announces an idea about to be carried out in Berlin of establishing in various parts of the city stations for the letting out of umbrellas. "This," says the *Gazette*: "has much to recommend it. Weather everywhere is very changeable; and no one going out in the morning can say whether, if he carries an umbrella, it will be a protection to him or an encumbrance. At the stations now about to be opened umbrellas will be at the service of all who like to hire them. A deposit will, of course, have to be left; and a small sum will be charged for the use of the umbrella, which, borrowed at one station, can be given back at any other. This system, introduced on a large scale, would probably give good results; and it would render inexcusable the practice, now too prevalent, of appropriating the umbrellas of others. It would render pointless the saying of the modern cynic who has observed: 'Never judge a man by the umbrella he carries; it is, almost certainly, not his own.'"

This is, of course, very entertaining, and, perhaps, possible in the effete monarchies of Europe; but it is very evident that the editor of the *St. James's Gazette* cannot grasp the magnitude of the strides civilization has taken in this country.

Did any one ever hear of a free-born American citizen returning a borrowed umbrella?

And if such an anomaly has been heard of or seen, can there be the slightest doubt that outraged reason has allowed him, her or it to remain unmolested without the portals of our lunatic-asylums?

Go to, Germany and England, go to!

Among civilized people your scheme is impracticable!

THE LAFAYETTE STATUE in Union Square is the work of Bartholdi. So is the pedestal. That's the way the statue came to have one.

AN **EXCHANGE** says: "Ex-Senator Lyman Trumbull has not entered a place of amusement for twenty years." It seems to us that he has been in Congress later than that.

A FEW RANDOM REMARKS ABOUT POCKETS.

I think if I could get an audience locked in a hall where the windows were too high for them to jump out, and where there was no lightning-rod for them to slide down, I could hold them for half a night on the subject of pockets.

I would begin the exercises of the evening with the trousers-pocket. Every man who has owned a trousers-pocket for any length of time knows what a vexation of spirit a trousers-pocket is. A trousers-pocket either has at its very bottom a small and secret outlet that loses in a gradual and insidious way the entire personal assets of the man who wears the trousers, or else it is built so shallow as to be no more than a hollow mockery, with an unquenchable desire to spill its contents from its mouth.

But it is not until a man takes off his trousers and attempts to hang them over the back of a chair, or on the bed-post, that the trousers-pocket shows in a broad and unmistakable way its characteristic meanness. It is then that it gives up its contents with a mighty shout of diabolical hilarity, and a crash that shakes the house to its foundations and awakes the twins, and the mother of the twins, and the mother-in-law of the father of the twins, and the hired-girl in the attic, and sets the dog to barking in the back yard. A pen-knife, a bunch of keys, a Bland dollar, a punched dime, five pennies, a poker-chip and two cloves falling from a trousers-pocket to the floor in the dead waste and middle of the night, when a man is trying to get to bed without awaking his wife, will make more racket than a young and playful cyclone dallying with a tinware factory.

Possibly there is nothing with which a man is brought in daily contact that causes him more worry and leads him more and more away from the straight and narrow path than his trousers-pockets. Adam never had any trousers-pockets, and I have no hesitancy in asserting that it was to this, more than to any other one thing, that Adam was indebted for his ability to keep his liver in good running order, and to bear up under severe trial, and maintain a serene cast of countenance for nine hundred and thirty years. I do not believe Adam would have lived more than nine hundred and eighteen years if he had had to contend with trousers-pockets in addition to his other trials and sore vexations.

No man who has trousers-pockets, and spills from them his personal property all over the floor, and has to get down on all fours every morning and reach under the bureau for a nickel, and under the bed for his knife, and under the wash-stand for his keys, can expect to live nine hundred and thirty years. I make this assertion boldly, and I defy contradiction.

The vest-pocket is entitled to passing attention, though it is a pocket that deserves praise rather than censure. It has done much more good than harm in the world. When it has a hole in it, it does not lose, but secretes. How often has it brought joy to the heart of its poor but honest and incidentally dry possessor by giving up, from some before unexplored nook, a dime of the days of long ago! It were well for man to delve down into the innermost recesses of the vest-pocket occasionally, and bring forth its hidden treasures of wooden tooth-picks, headless matches, cloves, car-tickets, and long-forgotten coins.

It is hardly necessary to say that long-forgotten coins are not

found as often as wooden tooth-picks, headless matches and cloves in these vest-pocket exploring expeditions. I have known a married man, in the midst of a hard and pinching Winter, to search the innermost recesses of every vest-pocket he had to his back, and not find a solitary coin.

Next we come to the inside coat-pocket, in which man carries his precious scented notes, and his invitations to "please remit." Usually the inside coat-pocket is a well-behaved pocket, save when a pocket-book containing all one's riches and valuable papers is intrusted to its keeping. In that case, it is likely to drop the pocket-book silently and carelessly, and without intimating to the owner what it has done until he gets away off somewhere among strangers, who demand to see some of the circulating medium of the country, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith. Then the owner of the inside coat-pocket reaches down for his pocket-book with a glad smile, and discovers a large, aching void. I do not know when I was ever more mortified than once when a conductor asked me to get off a train and walk because the inside pocket of my coat had, the night before, when I had hung the coat over a chair, silently dropped out the book containing my annual pass. It was a long and weary walk, but the conductor was very persistent about it, and rather than have trouble with him I got off and took considerable exercise in the open air. Exercise in the open air is good for man when it is not carried to excess. On that occasion I was compelled by force of circumstances to carry it to excess.

If there is one pocket that the wife of an upright, moral and exemplary citizen has an irrepressible desire to look into more than another, when the coat is left at home, it is the inside pocket; and the upright, moral and exemplary citizen is usually careful to transfer the contents of the inside coat-pocket when he changes his coat.

It requires long and patient practice to find a coat-tail pocket on the impulse of the moment, but there is a dignity about the coat-tail

pocket that no other pocket possesses. You find the coat-tail pocket always moving among the rich, the high and the *distingué*. It never loses its hauteur, and there is a solemnity associated with it that effectually wards off everything in the nature of familiarity or frivolity. No person could have the boldness to joke with a coat-tail pocket.

Have you ever seen a man who had reached middle life without being the possessor of coat-tail pockets, and had then wealth and dignity and coat-tail pockets suddenly thrust upon him, feeling for his handkerchief while a large impetuous sneeze was hastening on its way to the front? If you have, you probably wanted to smile; but if the man who was feeling for his handkerchief was an able-bodied person, and looked as if he could hit hard from the shoulder when he was excited, you probably restrained your hilarity.

We will merely glance at the pistol-pocket, in which a concealed deadly weapon is often carried, especially in Prohibition districts, and then pass on to the coat-tail pocket.

The boy's pocket challenges the wonder of every person who has never been a boy, as well as of those who have once been boys, but from force of circumstances over which they had no control have quit being boys. None but a boy knows how a knife, a top, a ball of string, three fishing-hooks, a cork, four tenpenny nails, a brass clock-wheel, an out-of-date key, a Jew-harp, a slate-pencil, marbles of various sizes, colors and conditions, some angle-worms, and a piece of molasses-candy can all be carried in one pocket, and brought forth singularly and severally on immediate notice, and without error or a fishing-hook in the ball of the thumb. A boy can do it every time; but poor weak man knows how utterly unequal he is to the performance of such a task.

A woman's pocket is a mystery—a dark, deep and perplexing mystery—to all but women. Men have now and then seen evidences that women have a pocket or pockets about them; they have, perhaps, been permitted at various times to see a few of the things that have their existence in the pocket or pockets of woman, and they have gone into the clothes-presses of the land to look for these pockets in gowns that hung calmly upon their accustomed pegs; but there is no case on record in which one of these exploring expeditions for a woman's pocket, conducted by a man, was successful.

Man may find the North Pole, but it is not likely that he will ever succeed in finding the pocket of his wife's gown that hangs in the clothes-press.

SCOTT WAY.

IT WAS BUSINESS.



Smith met Jones just as the latter was entering the railroad dépôt with a valise in his hand.

"Hello, Jones, old man, where are you going?"

"To Canada."

"Good heavens! why, what on earth have you been doing?"

"What do you mean?"

"What have you stolen—or is it a defalcation?"

"Hang your impudence! I'm going on business."

"Yes, that's what I supposed," said Smith, suspiciously. And now they do not speak as they pass by.

"How DOES that suture taste?" inquired the patient, when the doctor had sewed up the cut in his head and bitten off the thread close to the scalp. He could not help it; he had been kicked by a mule on the alimentary canal.

Oh, so you want to know how you are to tell when you have entered upon the road to destruction? Well, my son, the gate is at the corner of Wall and Broad Streets.

THE NEAREST a milkman gets to the cow is when he sends in his bill on cream-laid paper.

THE AMATEUR PHYSICIAN.

WHAT HAPPENS TO THOSE WHO FOLLOW HIS ADVICE.

The Amateur Physician belongs to that large class of individuals who "know it all," and, like others in that vast fraternity of bores, he is constantly telling all that he knows. He differs from the professional physician in that his advice is always offered gratuitously.

He is the terror of his boarding-house. In his presence no one dares to cough, sneeze, or display any outward and visible signs of inward discomfort, spiritual or otherwise.

"Hulloa!" he exclaims to the boarder who comes down to breakfast with hollow eyes, betokening loss of sleep: "You don't sleep well nights. I know what's the matter with you, and I'll tell you how to get all right again. If you feel wakeful and restless at night, just get up and eat two or three hard crackers, and you'll go right off to sleep without any trouble. Just you try it to-night, and to-morrow morning you'll thank me for the prescription."

In a few minutes another boarder comes down and says that he sleeps so soundly that he can never hear the bell ring.

The Amateur Physician is ready for him.

"The trouble with you," he says, oracularly: "is that you're out so late that you get tired out, and so oversleep yourself in the morning. Now, to-night, instead of going to the theatre, just sit down quietly in your room and read a book until ten o'clock. Then tumble into bed, and, mark my words, you'll come down to breakfast to-morrow as bright as a new dollar."

A smothered cough at the other end of the table attracts the Amateur's attention. He looks up, and impales the victim with his eagle glance.

"So you've been sleeping with your window open, have you?" he exclaims, with the air of a pedagogue in a fashionable boarding-school: "I don't wonder that you cough like that. It's astonishing to me that people in this country will persist in sleeping with their windows open at the very risk of their lives, when the most eminent French physicians have declared the practice suicidal. Now, I want you to shut your window to-night before you go to bed, and when you come down to breakfast to-morrow you won't be coughing and barking like that."

"No, I won't take any more steak," says the man next him: "I haven't much of an appetite to-day —"

"No," says the Amateur: "I shouldn't think you would have an appetite. You stay in the house all the time, and never take enough exercise to keep a fly in good spirits. Now, you get up early to-morrow morning and take a brisk run around the block before breakfast. Then you'll come in as chipper as a squirrel and eat like a horse. That's what you want to do if you want to enjoy a good square meal every morning."

"Well, I've no appetite, and I always take a walk before breakfast," says another boarder.

"That's because you eat just before you go to bed," retorts the medical adviser: "You oughtn't to eat anything at all after seven o'clock. Follow my advice, and you'll get up feeling first-rate. It's a wonder to me that folks never will learn to be careful about themselves."

The next morning the Amateur is awakened by the man who sat up in bed to eat the hard crackers, and has been tossing about on the crumbs all night long.

"I'll teach you to give me any such steer as that!" he exclaims, as he drags the Physician out of bed and pummels him unmercifully, despite his howls for mercy. "If that's your idea

of a night's rest, you'd better try it yourself once."

He descends to the breakfast-room, and finds that the man who tried the experiment of going to bed without his customary late repast has arisen at early dawn and consumed everything he could lay his hands on. While the Amateur is waiting for a fresh supply of provisions to be cooked, a terrible outcry is heard in the upper story. A real physician is hastily summoned to attend the boarder who slept with his window open, and has been almost suffocated with escaping gas.

The man who was persuaded to spend the evening at home with a light novel has not made his appearance, and a committee of boarders, fearing the worst, rush frantically to his room. He is found seated in an arm-chair before the fireless grate in a deep slumber. His bed is untouched; the gas burns brightly over his head. A copy of E. P. Roe's "Nature's Serial Story" is open in his hand, his thumb marking the close of the first chapter.

The Amateur Physician thinks he had better slip quietly out of the house. On the sidewalk he meets four men bearing a stretcher, on which lies the once vigorous frame of the boarder who was fool enough to take a brisk run through the icy streets before breakfast, and has slipped and broken his leg.

J. L. FORD.

Answers for the Anxious.

C. F. HILTON.—We know nothing about the concern. No one has ever complained to us about it.

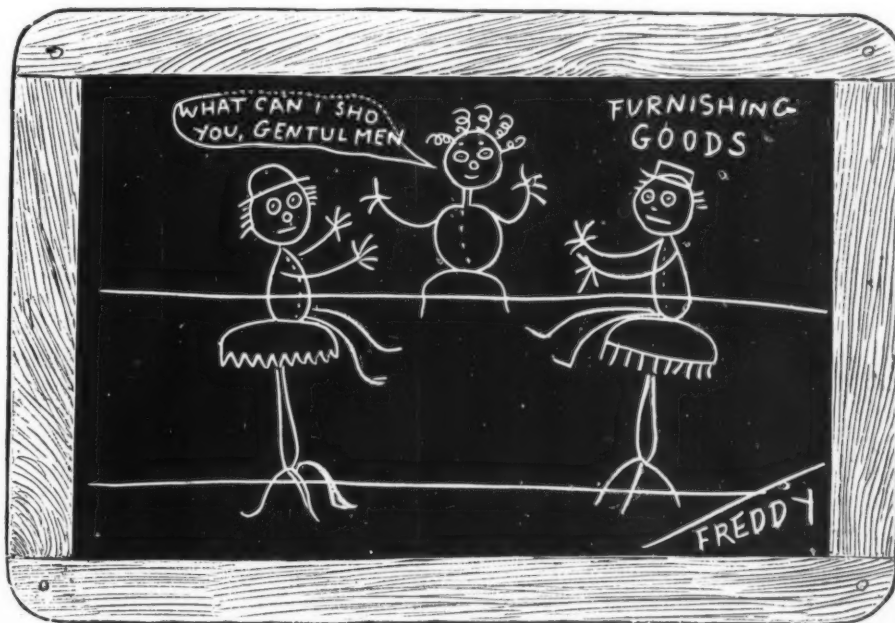
W. PETERS.—The editors appear to have treated you badly. And they seem to have put a good deal of unanimity and enthusiasm into it. But we don't know exactly how you are going to get ahead of them. Suppose you try writing your poems on asbestos or sheet-iron?

JACK ST. RAW.—You amusing, gay, giddy thing! Where was Moses when the light went out? Ah, you wild creature, where was Moses? Gone down in the cellar, child, down in the darksome cellar. Under one arm he bore a head of cabbage. And had you been there, gay youth, he would have found what he was looking for. He was looking for a match.

THE question which seems to agitate the country at present is, who are going to make up the cabinet? We do not know who the happy men will be. We also do not know the name of the author of "The Bread Winners" or "The Buntling Ball." We don't know how to fall on roller-skates without hitting the four walls and the ceiling of the rink with our feet. We don't know how to get accurate railroad information out of a railroad official; and we don't know how to keep four clocks telling the same time, or how to pick out the right one to get us aboard the proper train. But we *do* know one thing, and we know it with a capital K, and that is that PUCK'S ANNUAL will be out very soon, and when it does burst forth, look out for laughter. Price, twenty-five cents.

FREDDY'S SLATE

AND HIS LITTLE LETTER TO THE EDITOR.



newyoarkjanuerreysics

dear puck

weave bin shoppen me an jim jonson an we hav razed cane jim jonson had therty ceven sense An i had fourtytoo

sow we aggreed to trete eche other Two a quarter dollar nectie jim jonson was too paigh four mine An i was too paigh four jim jonsons an we wer gone two paint the town read with The ressed

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we thort we mite doo sum mashen we diddent doo enney mashen but we maid a hitt enneywaigh

wen we got in two the stoar We sat down in frunt of The counter an kineder wrapt four won off the yung ladeys to cum An wate on us

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she cride an maid an orfle fus an i am getten A regler allowanse an sose jim jonson four not tellen but i wil givvit A waigh too you if you wil Lett it go no firther

the factk is my sisster ans musikle bo woant cum too The scrach

a mewsicion is no good enney waigh so the oled gerl had gott kineder desprit An she had ficut her self up sose too louk a kineder pritty a crors a counter an she was spellen won off The regler gerls fore ouers a day wen The old fokes thort she was taken her frenth and germon lessens

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youers four cash freddy
p s cen bac my slaightrapt up



NEW YEAR'S IN BEANVILLE.

EXTRAORDINARY POPULARITY OF MIRANDY POGRAM'S TEMPERANCE MINCE-PIE.

There was a good deal of commotion in Beanville when Deacon Pogram and his wife announced their intention of receiving calls on New Year's Day, for all the world like the "city folks" who had boarded with them during the Summer.

"I hain't a-goin' ter pay aout no money fur fancy gimcracks nor kickshaws," said the worthy Deacon to his wife: "What's good enough fur us is good enough for enny folks es 'll be likely ter call. Be them mince pies ready?"

"They be," responded his wife: 'n' what's more they're pies es won't do none o' the young men no harm a-leading them on ter strong drink 'n' wuss. I made 'em out'n the old recipe, 'n' there hain't no liquor nor indigestible meat into them. Temperance pies I call 'em, made of dried apples 'n' a leetle mite o' cider. I gin a couple o' them to Aunt Betsey Carter, 'n' she said they was good."

"Waal," said the Deacon: "I'm goin' *daown* street a spell, 'n' it's more'n likely I'll meet some o' the neighbors, 'n' tell 'em to be on hand ter-morrer."

It was not long before Deacon Pogram found himself in the "back-room" of the tavern, where Lish Duzenbury and a number of his friends were enjoying a social game of "set-back" euchre.

"We're a-goin' ter hev calls New Year's Day, 'n' I want ye all ter show up," said the Deacon, hospitably: "Lish, I'll look fur you 'n' Peleg Tew 'n' Henry Snow 'long abaout daybreak. Come early, all on ye, 'n' stay late, fur we're goin' ter do the thing up in city style, right through."

"Sit daown, Deacon, sit daown alongside o' me!" exclaimed Peleg: "In course we'll come, all on us. But look a-here: be you a-goin' ter set 'em up fur the boys or not? That's what we want know."

"Waal, I dunno," drawled the Deacon, as he deposited his rheumatic bones in the chair: "Ye know that Mirandy's dead sot agin enny drinkin' since she jined the temp'rance society, 'n' we kinder calkerlated not ter hev no such goin's on es they hed daown ter the cross-roads last year, when they kep' open haouse at the tavern."

There was a general murmur of disapprobation which was quelled by the landlord, who arose and said:

"Deacon, I'd laid aout ter give ye a little suthin' fur a New Year's gift, an' I guess I might as well do it naouw."

With these words and amid general plaudits he produced a gallon jug of choice apple-jack, and presented it to his friend and customer.

"Naouw," he said: "just you take a hand at set-back with the boys, an' don't let's hear nothin' more o' this temp'rance business."

It was half-past eleven when the Deacon sneaked into the kitchen, with his jug under his arm, and sat down by the fire to pull off his heavy boots. What to do with the liquor he did not know. He took a pull at it, just to see if it was all right. It was.

"That's the prime old stuff," he said, meditatively: "'n' its a pity Mirandy's got this crank inter her head. Lemme see; it ain't right ter hev it all wasted. B'gosh, I've got an idee!"

He seized the jug, lit a tallow-candle, and tip-toed into the pantry where the mince-pies stood in a tempting row. The sound of gurgling mingled agreeably with the ticking of the kitchen-clock, and at the expiration of fifteen minutes the Deacon emerged, chuckling softly to himself, and bearing an empty jug in his hand.

"There!" he said: "I guess them temp'rance

pies 'll be a leetle bit more pop'lar than they ever was before."

New Year's day found the Deacon and his wife ready to receive their guests. Mirandy's black silk dress rustled as she walked, while her helpmeet's well-greased boots creaked in harmony.

"Waal, there's one thing sure," said the good woman: "there won't be no wine-cup offered in *this* haouse ter-day, 'n' ef Lish Duzenbury, or Peleg Tew, or enny of them critters comes here expectin' to get more 'n' 's good fur em, they'd better go elsewhere fur it."

The Deacon chuckled softly, but made no answer.

Peleg, Lisha, and one or two more of the tavern roisterers arrived at an early hour.

"Glad ter see ye," said the hostess, forcing a smile into her stiff face.

After the compliments of the season had been exchanged they were invited to partake of some mince-pie. Now Mrs. Pogram's dried apple-pies had an unenviable reputation in Beanville, and it was with some reluctance that the two guests tasted them.

The Deacon, who was seated in an obscure corner of the room, almost guffawed aloud when he saw the quick gleams of perception that passed over his friends' faces as they smacked their lips and returned eagerly to the charge.

"Don't care if I do hev another piece," said Peleg: "These pies is extry good ter-day."

Mrs. Pogram's features relaxed pleasantly as she helped them both liberally, and said:

"There hain't nothin' in them pies es 'll do ye any harm, Lisha; they're a sight better 'n' them es is doctored up with liquor 'n' stuff."

"So they be, Mirandy; so they be," replied her guest, glancing slyly at the Deacon, who was in a suppressed condition of hilarity.

The Pograms' New Year's reception proved a most brilliant success. The demand for the temperance mince-pies exceeded anything ever known before. As the evening wore on the guests became merrier and merrier, and it was with no small difficulty that the tavern cronies were ejected from the house at a very late hour.

Temperance mince-pies are all the rage in Beanville, and the landlord of the tavern reports an unprecedented demand for choice old apple-jack.

TROCHES.

It is reported that Henry Watterson intends to revise the alphabet. He will begin it with the letter I.

THE NEXT Louisville exposition will admit free only colonels and journalists. This lets in the entire local population.

AN ILLINOIS federal office-holder committed suicide last week. It is believed that there are other reasons for the deed.

JONES WAS asked by a friend why he spent his holidays at home with his wife. He explained that he had nothing else to spend.

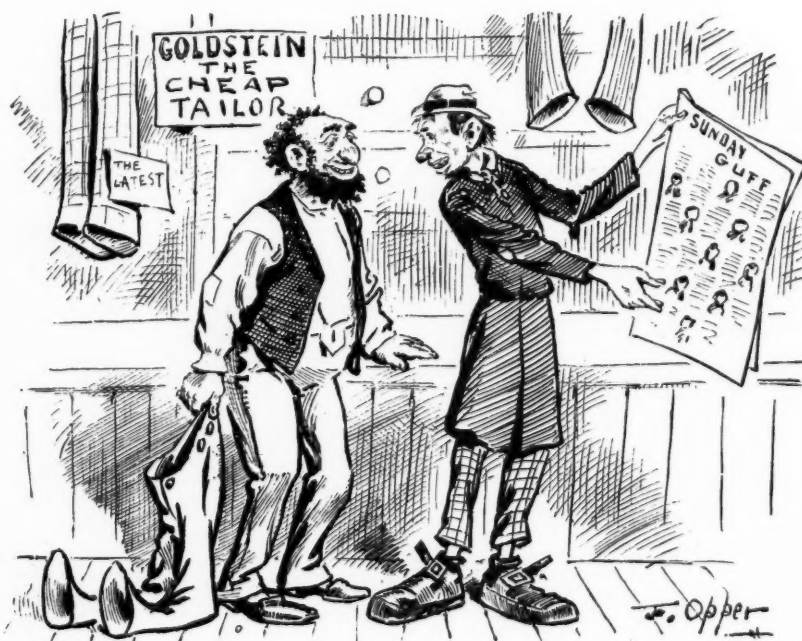
IT IS said that Hamilton Hamlin will write a book next year. Up to the present time Mr. Hamlin has been very generally respected.

A MONTREAL SINNER was recently converted in the Salvation Army. The day he professed religion he confessed having purloined five umbrellas in his life-time. He was promptly expelled. It is believed that the number was not large enough.

AT UNION SQUARE you can pick out every actor who has walked home from the West. You can tell it watching them walk up to the bar, when asked, because the railroad-track stands out in their movements—their steps being just equal to the space between railroad-sleepers.

THE DEEP sad note is the thing to strike in poetry; it is sad because it is hard to strike, and it is deep because it has slipped down in the lining of the poet's overcoat, and he has to open it with an oyster-knife to get it out. It is generally a one-dollar note, because he has just had his check cashed. How long was the check, did you ask? Oh, about one hundred and fifty; because he was checked from the editorial-room right through to the sidewalk, and he had the whole stairway to himself, and he seemed to hit the wall and balusters oftener than the steps.

THE LATEST NEWSPAPER INDUSTRY.



"Vot you vant?"

"I want to publish your portrait and description in our Sunday edition, as one of the Mer. hant-Princes of the Great City—for the small sum of two dollars."

A SENTIMENTAL GORILLA.

HOW MR. HENRY BERGH'S IDEAS ARE REGARDED BY INTELLIGENT AND REFINED GORILLAS.

A Gorilla of leisure out for a day's hunting with a bow and arrow saw a red-coated soldier of the Nile Expedition through the foliage, and shot him for a bird of bright plumage. The British private fluttered about on the ground a little. The sportsman ran up to bag the soldier, and would have dispatched him at once, had not a Gorilla naturalist come along. The learned Gorilla looked upon the soldier with wonder. He bandaged the unhappy man's wounds, pronounced him an important contribution to Natural History, and conveyed him with great care to the Gorilla metropolis.

The scientific Gorilla intended to retain the man for private study. He cursorily described him as having a red body, and a white shell similar to a turtle's; the shell loosely attached to the head by a ligament running under the chin. He noted that the new specimen walked upright like a Gorilla, and had blue legs. The Gorilla philosopher tied his captive to a wild grape-vine, induced him to eat cocoa-nuts, and discovered that he was fond of pine-apples and bananas. Several mischievous young Gorillas found amusement in providing "the new animal" with oranges and bananas.

When the soldier had been kept several days on private view, the curiosity of the Gorilla public became much inflamed. Distinguished Gorillas thronged to the savant's house, and begged leave to see the new "specimen." Gorilla toughs surrounded his grounds, and pelted the soldier with decayed bananas and empty cocoa-nut-shells. That it would be selfish to keep his captive any longer was plain to the Gorilla, and with the utmost generosity he made the man a national gift. The Gorilla metropolis built a cage for him. Gorillas by thousands came to see him. A Gorilla with a long pole in his hand guarded the man's cage, and now and then stirred him up with the pole to make him sportive. The soldier paced up and down his cage, five feet wide by eight feet long, and put his nose between the bars and gazed—how dazedly—at the Gorillas.

A somewhat eccentric Gorilla, in a tall white hat and a long linen ulster, often stood in front of the cage and meditated on the man. He reflected that the man was an inferior being, incapable of uttering any sound intelligible to a Gorilla, yet pitied him as a captive. He reflected that all creatures are of worth and have their uses, and perhaps the man was of some use. It may be bold to say it—the Gorilla respected the man! The philanthropic Gorilla printed an open letter proposing that the man be let

loose. Gorillaville laughed. How much innocent amusement the uncouth man afforded the young Gorillas! How science delighted to study him! What a feature he had become of the Park! A part of the Gorilla population held that the happiness of the man might be sacrificed for a year or two for the diversion and instruction of the Gorillas, but that his imprisonment ought not to be made a life-agony.

"After he has delighted us two years," said they: "let us restore him to the desert whence he came, and where, no doubt, he delights to wander."

A few Gorilla radicals wished to give the man his freedom at once. They secretly wished that he might break out of his cage, eat his Gorilla keeper, and escape. The humanitarian movement was beginning to make progress

when a scientific monkey advanced the theory that the man had degenerated from a Gorilla. He argued that the soldier had acquired a red and a blue color from his habitat, and that a gradual weakening of his brain accounted for his turtle-shell covering. The man at once acquired a new interest, and became so valuable to science that his release was no longer agitated.

It was rumored in the Gorilla metropolis, one day, that an animal similar to that in the cage had been seen in a cocoanut grove near the city. The wildest excitement followed, and a large part of the population rushed to the suburbs. Just north of the Gorilla metropolis an animal with a red body and blue legs was discovered. It danced about in an open field and threw up its arms. It did not attempt to escape; on the contrary, it ran toward the Gorillas that were seeking its capture. What could the strange animal be? The excitement was intense. It was a Gorilla that had escaped from a circus in Europe. He came up to his pursuers, and was embraced in turn by all his old friends, who had long looked upon him as lost.

"Your complexion has undergone a change," said one.

"You have become Europeanized," said another.

"This is not my complexion," said the Gorilla, bitterly: "You are looking at my clothes. In this bizarre fashion have they dressed me."

The returned Gorilla threw a flood of light on the captive in the cage, who, he informed the Gorillas, was "a man," popularly known as the "Tommy Atkins." Before the Gorilla Geographical Society the foreign traveler delivered a lecture on the Man. He described him as a creature of unparalleled ferocity, that burned

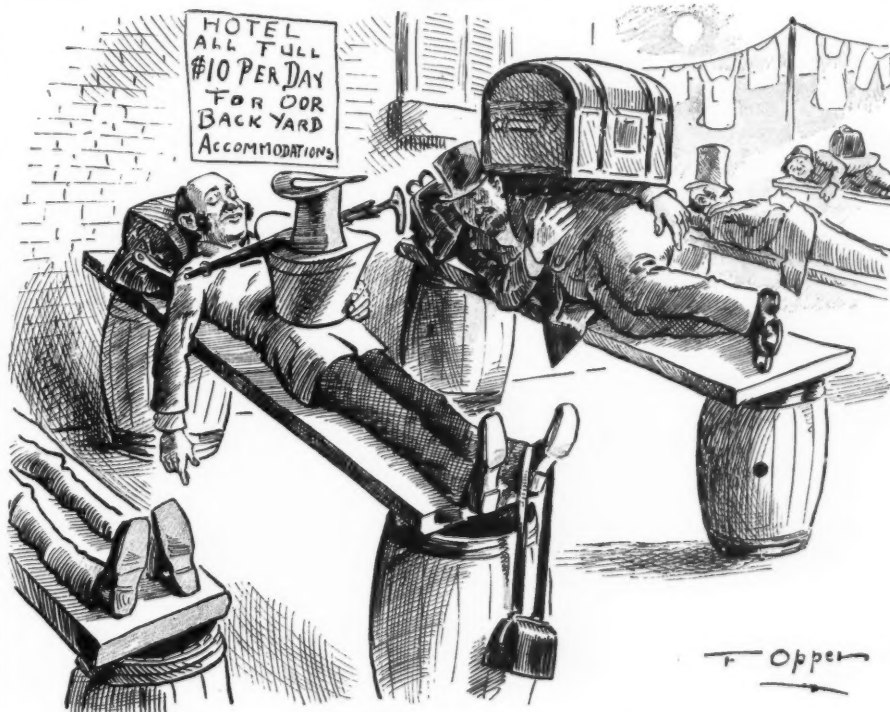
towns and villages, and desolated countries. Men had a record six thousand years long of massacres, wars and slavery. One man had killed 9,000,000 of his species. What lion, tiger, or savage beast had killed 9,000,000 living creatures? Men not only slew each other; they killed all other animals. They ran down the timid deer and dragged the fish from the sea. For sport they chased the fox to exhaustion and death; in ancient times they killed each other just for sport. Nearly all animals were eaten by them. In some countries they ate each other. In lands where their barbarism was more refined, they ate each other by competition—factories, stock-companies and banks. Describing banking in New Jersey, he said: "What Gorilla would get the widow and the orphan Gorilla to put their last banana

LEFT.

A Tale of Guileless Trust and Rude Disillusion.



This is the man who thought he could find cheap board at the New Orleans Exposition.



This is the cheapest board he could find.

in a Savings Fruit Association, and then run off with the banana? What animal in the world," said the lecturer, in conclusion: "compares with man in cruelty and destructiveness? This man in the cage, whose captivity Gorilla sentimentalists deplore, was actually on a mission of murder when he was fortunately captured, for he was going up the Nile to kill some wandering black beggars with whom the Jews of London have a quarrel!"

There was a revulsion in Gorilla feeling. The undoubtedly truthful revelations of the traveled Gorilla threw into disrepute the Gorillas that had sought the man's release. Those sickly sentimentalists were asked if they would turn the man loose to prey upon the world. If released, the soldier would undoubtedly kill several poor blacks and leave them lying on the desert, bewailed by wandering widows and orphans.

Gorilla nurse-maids frightened their charges by telling them that the man in the Park would catch them. An enterprising Gorilla newspaper got up a hoax about "The Man Let Loose in the Park." The entire Gorilla press derisively called the philanthropist that had first proposed to set the man free "The Sentimental Gorilla." The soldier, who was now looked upon with horror by every Gorilla, became a greater curiosity than ever. The Gorilla Park Commissioner, having learned what the man was, put this sign up on his cage:

THE TOMMY ATKINS.
HUMAN FAMILY.
Genus Homo.
(Dangerous.)

The "Sentimental Gorilla" often passed the cage as he walked through the Park with his wise head bowed down in thought. He was puzzled to know whether the man, considering the horrible character of his species, might justly be set free. The "Tommy Atkins" was certainly not put on earth in a cage, and the Gorilla thought that the creature's natural mode of life could not be at variance with the Providence that had made even a man.

One sultry Summer afternoon the Gorilla keeper had fallen asleep in front of the man's cage. The pole lay idly on the ground. The "Sentimental Gorilla," passing by, perceived the keeper asleep, and glanced carefully about. No Gorilla was in sight. The philanthropist cautiously approached the door of the cage. He opened it. The man slipped out. He was gone. He crawled on his hands and feet through the bushes. He swam a stream. He burrowed in a tree. He concealed himself in thickets. He traveled stealthily at night when the owls were out. At last he reached the British camp. He was no longer a fugitive "specimen." He had escaped.

The "Sentimental Gorilla," who had let the man loose, walked through the streets with bowed head. He had struck a blow at science; he had deprived the young Gorillas of innocent amusement; he had committed an act of atrocity. He was denounced by the entire Gorilla press; he was hooted and mobbed; he was exiled. His fame went before him: He wandered through every tropical forest an outcast. No respectable monkey would recognize him. All the cocoanut groves were closed against him. The Gorillas were, in a measure, right about its being cruel to set the man free. Within two weeks after he had been turned loose on the world he had killed two Arabs, taken the life of a gazelle for sport, and shot a monkey, which he had stuffed and sent home.

The meanest hyena that was ever in a cage in Central Park has a better case for freedom than an average man would have in a cage in mid-Africa among intelligent Gorillas.

L. H. TUPPER.

"I NEVER KNOWED."

Old Billy B. was a pious man,
And Heaven was his goal;
For, being a very saving man,
Of course, he 'd save his soul.
But even in this, he used to say,
"One can't too careful be;"
And he sang with a fervor unassumed,
"I 'm glad salvation 's free."



But the "means of grace" he had to own
Required good, hard-earned gold;
And he took ten pews, as well became
The richest of the fold.
"He 's a noble man!" the preacher cried:
"Our Christian Brother B."
And Billy smiled as he subset nine,
And got his own pew free.

In class-meeting next, old Billy told
How Heaven had gracious been,
Yea, even back in the dark days when
He was a man of sin.
"I 's buildin' a barn on my river farm—
All I then had," he said:
"I 'd run out o' boards, and was feedin' hands
On nothin' but corn-bread."

"I tell ye, bretherin, that I felt blue,
Short c' timber and cash,
And thought I 'd died when the banks then bust,
And flooded all my mash.*
But the Lord was merciful to me,
And sent right through the rift
The tide had made in the river banks
A lumber-raft adrift."

"Plenty o' boards was there for the barn,
And on top was a cheese,
And a bar'l o' pork as sound and sweet
As any one ever sees.
Then I had bread and meat for the men,
And they worked with a will,
While I thanked God, who 'd been good to me,
And I 'm doin' it still."

A shrill-voiced sister cried, "Bless the Lord!"
The whole class cried, "Amen!"
But a keen-eyed man looked at Billy B.
In thoughtful way, and then
Asked: "Brother B., did you ever hear
Who lost that raft and load?"
And Billy wiped his eyes, and said:
"Bretherin, I never knowed."

* "Marsh" is quite commonly pronounced "mash" in some of the Middle States.

SPREADING THE BROOKLYN "EAGLE."

THE PASSING YEAR.
Good-by, old year,
So old and sere,
I 'm glad to see thee disappear;
Go any whence,
But go from hence,
Go hang thy hide upon the fence.
Thy narrow round,
Within its bound,
Doth twelve good months, full weight, surround;
And this, I hear,
No other year
Hath e'er exceeded, far or near.
Around thee creep,
The wail and weep,
Of disappointments, keen and deep;
And it is known,
Full many a groan
Must pierce thy conscience to the bone.
When thou wert young,
With tuneful tongue
Thy natal day I joyous sung;
Now at thy goal,
Thou poor old soul,
Serene thy passing bell I toll.
Old year, good-by.
I do not cry,
To see thee crawl away and die;
But I 'll be sworn,
For three weeks more,
I 'll write it 1884.

We laugh at the folly of a dog trying to run away from the kettle that is tied to his tail; and yet I have known a man, with an intelligent brain, perfect reasoning faculties and an immortal soul, to run clear from Maine to Colorado to escape from his bad reputation. We

laugh at the dog with the can. Poor dog; he is only a brute, and does not know any better.
—Robert J. Burdette.

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.
Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

CASTORIA.

When Baby was sick, we gave her CASTORIA.
When she was a Child, she cried for CASTORIA.
When she became Miss, she clung to CASTORIA.
When she had Children, she gave them CASTORIA.

The popular verdict is generally the right one; and concerning Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup the people have long since decided that it is the best cough remedy ever introduced.

ROSS' ROYAL BELFAST GINGER ALE.
Sold by First-class Dealers.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper,

W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

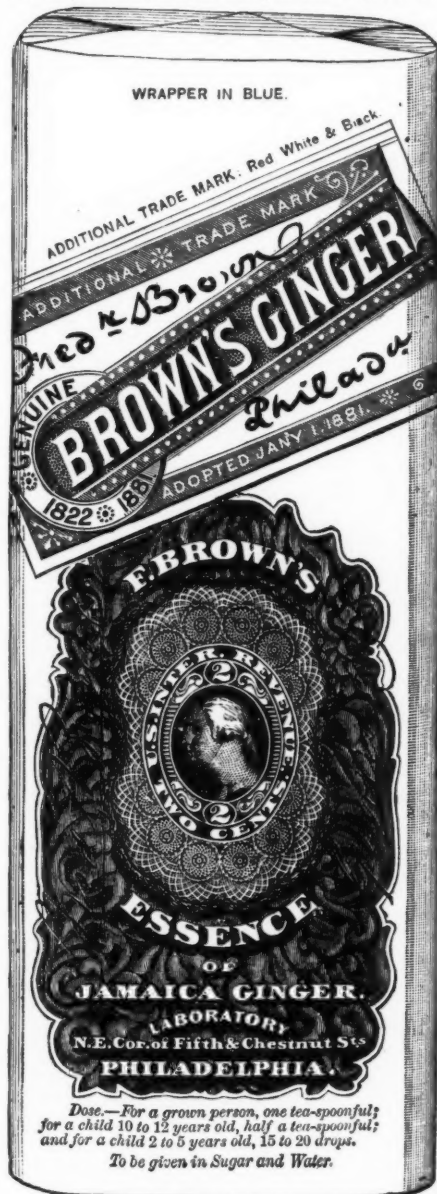
SPECIAL NOTICE.

Numbers 3, 4, 5, 6, 9, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19, 21, 22, 24, 25, 27, 29, 32, 33, 34, 37, 38, 41, 47, 48, 50, 53, 54, 56, 77, 79, 82, 87, 88, 131 and 154 of English Puck will be bought at this office at 10 cents, and numbers 10 and 26 at 50 cents per copy.

CAUTION!

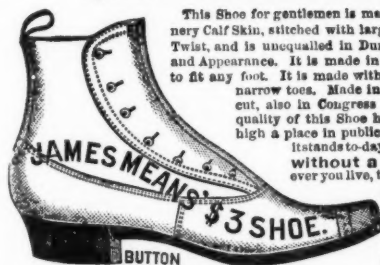
Unprincipled persons desiring to deceive the public with their imitations, usually copy

- I. The FLASK-shaped Bottle.
 - II. The BLUE Wrapper.
 - III. The general style of steel engraved Trade-Mark LABEL adopted 1858, for BROWN'S GENUINE GINGER.
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CAUTION! Some dealers recommend inferior goods in order to make a larger profit. This is the original \$3 shoe. Beware of imitations which acknowledge their own inferiority by attempting to build upon the reputation of the original. You cannot be sure of getting the genuine article unless you are careful to examine and see that this stamp appears plainly on the soles:

JAMES MEANS' \$3. SHOE.



address on postal card to JAMES MEANS & CO., 41 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.

ONLY A GIRL.

I hear a sharp ring on the frosty way,
And I catch the gleam of a cycle bright,
Just a glimpse of a form in Quaker gray,
And then, the dear boy! he is out of sight.
Ah, out and away, ere the sun is high,
While the early clouds are all rose and pearl,
And the air like a wine that is bright and dry;
And I'm—only a girl.

I think of the hollows where leaves lie dead;
Of the gaunt trees' shadows against the sky;
Of the cool, clear stretch of blue overhead,
And the low, lush meadows he rattles by.
I look on the road with its dusty track,
Where the wind-gusts meet to whistle and whirl;
And—yes! I may look for his coming back,
For I'm only a girl.

I may watch and wait all day for the ring
Of his pretty plaything's glistening steel;
And, dressed in my gayest, may sit and sing
Over my work till I hear the wheel.
Then I shall see the eyes of my lad,
And he a cheek and a drooping curl;
And—well, yes—perhaps—I'm a little glad
That I'm only a girl.

—Ruth Hall, in *Outing*.

A TELEGRAPH dispatch informed the reading public a couple of days ago that "Encke's comet was found last night by Professor Young of Princeton College." No doubt Mr. Encke was greatly pleased when he learned that his comet had been found, and had fallen into the hands of an honest person. He couldn't have valued it very highly, however, or he would have advertised its loss in the newspapers.—*Norristown Herald*.

PHYSICIANS and Druggists recommend Brown's Iron Bitters as the Best Tonic. Combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, it quickly and completely cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers & Neuralgia. An unfailing remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver. Invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives. Enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves heartburn, strengthens the muscles & nerves. Does not injure the teeth, cause headache or produce constipation; all other Iron medicines do. Genuine has trade-mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., Baltimore, Md.



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Send one, two, three or five dollars for a retail box, by express, of the best Candies in the World, put up in handsome boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Try it once.

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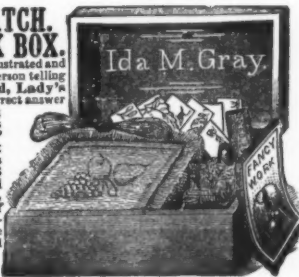
Our Cigarettes were never so fine as now; they cannot be surpassed for purity and excellence. Only the purest rice paper used.

13 First Prize Medals Awarded.

Wm. S. Kimball & Co.

Free to All! A GOLD WATCH. LADIES WORK BOX.

The publishers of the *Capitol City Home Guest*, the well-known, illustrated and Family Magazine, make the following liberal offer for the New Year: The person telling us the longest verse in the Bible, before March 1st, will receive a Solid Gold, Lady's Hunting Cased Swiss Watch, worth \$50. If there be more than one correct answer the second will receive an elegant stem-winding gentleman's Watch; the third, a key-winding English Watch. Each person must send 36 cents with their answer for which they will receive FREE, postpaid, three months' subscription to "HOME GUEST," and an Elegant Lady's Work Box with their name beautifully pencilled on the cover. Each box contains 1 Silver Plated Thimble, 1 package Fancy Work Needles, 6 elegant Fruit Napkins, 1 package Embroidery Silk, assorted colors, 1 package Silk Blocks for Patchwork, 2 Easter Cards, 2 New Year Cards, 1 Lovely Birthday Card, and 1 Copy of "Ladies' Fancy Work Guide," containing illustrations and descriptions of all the latest designs in fancy work. The regular price of the above articles is \$1.25, but to those who comply with the above requirements we will send them all pre-paid for 36c. Publ's Home Guest, Hartford, Conn.



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ARE AT PRESENT THE MOST POPULAR
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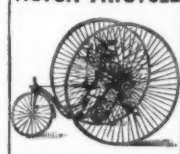
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An excellent appetizing tonic of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole world, cures Dyspepsia, Diarrhea, Fever and Ague, and all disorders of the Digestive Organs. A few drops impart a delicious flavor to a glass of champagne, and to all summer drinks. Try it, and beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

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STOMACH BITTERS,
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 To be had in Quarts and Pints.
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PROSPECT BREWERY,

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The highly celebrated

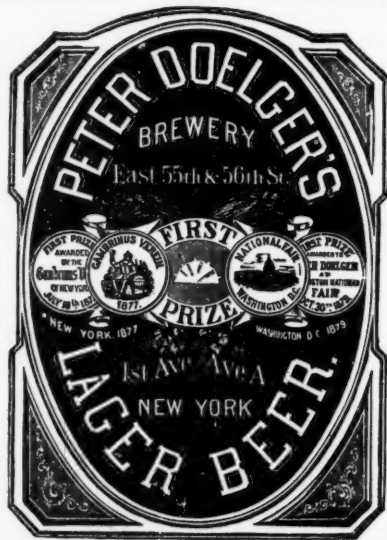
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TAPE WORM.

INFALLIBLY CURED with two spoons of medicine in two or three hours. For particulars address with stamp to
H. EICKHORN, No. 6 St. Mark's Place, New York.

Piles—Piles—Piles
 Cured Without knife, powder or salve. No charge until cured. Write for references, Dr. Corbin, 11 E. 29th St.

"Say, Charles," said Mr. Buysell to his clerk: "if you'll buy a seal-skin sacque for your wife I'll give you twenty-five dollars toward the purchase."

"I will do it," replied the clerk: "but, Mr. Buysell, why this burst of liberality?"

"No liberality about it, my boy. If your wife comes out in a seal-skin, don't you see, it will save me the expense of having to buy one for Mrs. Buysell."

"How so?"

"Why, you don't suppose she'd wear the same kind of clothes as my clerk's wife wears, do you?"—*Chicago News.*

THEY were talking about the depressed state of business, when a man who was leaning against a lamp-post, with his hands in his pockets, softly inquired:

"Is business depressed?"

"Why, of course it is. Where have you been for the past six months that you haven't heard the cry of hard times?"

"In the work-house," was the humble reply: "and if there's been any lack of business in this locality I haven't noticed it—really I haven't."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Derangement of the liver, with constipation, injure the complexion, induce pimples, sallow skin, etc. Remove the cause by using Carter's Little Liver Pills. One a dose.

THE 25TH ANNUAL CHARITY BALL

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

TUESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 6th, 1885,

AT THE

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE,

UNDER THE USUAL MANAGEMENT.

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SEVENTH RECEPTION.

TUESDAY EVENING, JAN. 13 METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.
 TICKETS, \$5, admitting gentleman and ladies.

EDEN MUSÉE.—55 West 23d Street. Open from 11 to 11. Sundays from 1 to 11. — Wonderful Tableaux and Groups in Wax—Chamber of Horrors—Trip round the World in 800 Stereoscopic Views—Concerts in the Winter Garden every afternoon and evening. Admission to all, 50 cents. Children, 25 cents.



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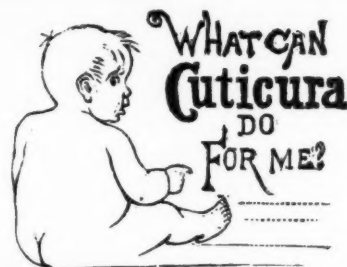
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reader of this paper who will send us 25c. to help pay necessary expenses, we will send, FREE, One Hundred Articles, packed in a handsome Gold Embellished Velvet and Plush Case, suitable for a Jewelry Case, and with these 100 samples we know will enable you to GRASP A FORTUNE, and earn from \$75.00 to \$200.00 per month, rain or shine, all the year round, honorably and easily. These articles are suitable for both sexes, young or old. It requires no capital, any one can conduct the business. If you do not wish for this chance, kindly hand to some person out of employment that needs a helping hand. If you have not the 25c. of your own, borrow it, and take our word for it, you will never have to borrow again. We do not name what we will send, for the reason that we are constantly changing the articles we send, always taking care however, to send only such articles as are the latest and best value, as this offer is made for the purpose of securing agents, and it is for our interest to send such articles that you can sell. Address at once
R. L. BABCOCK & CO., Centerbrook, Conn.



EVERYTHING that is purifying, beautifying, and curative for the Skin, Scalp, and Blood the CUTICURA REMEDIES will do. Nothing in medicine so agreeable, so speedy, and so whole-some. Guaranteed absolutely pure by the analytical chemists of the State of Massachusetts, whose certificates accompany every package. For cleansing the Skin and Scalp of Birth Humors, for allaying Itching, Burning and Inflammation, for curing the first symptoms of Eczema, Psoriasis, Milk Crust, Scall Head, Scrofula, and other inherited skin and blood diseases, CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are infallible. Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c., SOAP, 25c., RESOLVENT, 5c. POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

SCROFULA.

A girl in my employ has been cured of constitutional scrofula by the use of Swift's Specific.

J. O. McDANIEL, Allatoona, Ga.

(This gentleman is father of the Governor of Ga.)

Vanderbilt's millions could not buy me what Swift's Specific has done for me. It cured me of scrofula of 15 years standing.

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SNATCHED FROM THE GRAVE.—I was brought to death's door by a combination of eczema and erysipelas, from which I had suffered for three years. Was treated by several physicians with iodide potassium, which seemed to feed the disease. I have been cured sound and well by the use of Swift's Specific. MRS. SARAH E. TURNER, Humboldt, Tenn.

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SAMPLES AND SELF-MEASUREMENT RULES MAILED ON APPLICATION.

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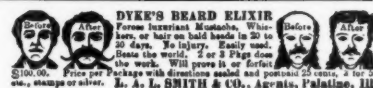
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Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.



CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give express & P.O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 121 Pearl St. N. Y.

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A natural
Champagne
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Absolute purity.
Comparison
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The finest
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The wine
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The Balloon "Eclipse" will make daily ascensions from the
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Not Charged with gas.
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Catawba flavor.
Not flavored
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Pineapple, Quince,
or in any manner.
Not the wine
of false
ostentation.
No spirit
added.
No headache
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FREELY USED.

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which renders the teeth pearly white, the gums rosy, and the breath sweet. By those who have used it, it is regarded as an indispensable adjunct of the toilet. It thoroughly removes tartar from the teeth, without injuring the enamel.

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AN INTERESTING VOLUME.

PUCK'S CAMPAIGN SERIES.

Those desiring to obtain the CAMPAIGN SERIES OF PUCK, (from April 16th to November 19th, 32 copies, including the famous "tattooed man" cartoons,) which covers one of the most notable and interesting political contests that has occurred in years, can procure same at this office, price \$2.50, or any desired copy at 10 cents. PUCK'S CAMPAIGN SERIES, handsomely bound in cloth, \$3.75. By mail, \$4.25.

No library or household is complete without this valuable and instructive chronicle of the Campaign of 1884.
KEPLER & SCHWARZMANN, Publishers,
Nos. 21, 23 & 25 Warren St., N. Y.

You may, or you may not, know, as it is, perhaps, the case either way, that writing on the cars is attended with certain difficulties and interrupted by uncertain incidents. The more uncertain the incident, the more liable is it to happen; and the more nervously you anticipate it, the more certainly does it never happen. You grasp this, I trust? And that, kind reader, is the only thing I will trust you with.

No matter how smoothly the train is running when you are doing nothing, it begins to jump and roll when you start to write. There—this car has just jumped over a stump; now it is running, I think, in the bed of a creek—an old abandoned bed, at that, which was so rough that no creek could run in it. If the creek bed is any more abandoned than the language of the passenger who just now caught hold of the stove to steady himself as the train corkscrewed itself around a reversed curve, it must be something terrible. I will not even look at it.

At Allentown, Pa., a party of Pennsylvania Dutch ladies, attended by a numerous retinue of children, mostly boys and girls, got on the car and proceeded to occupy the territory already pre-empted under the laws of the road by existing passengers. I have two children billeted upon me, the elder being several years the senior of her little brother. I do not mind it, because I am fond of the company of young people. But the commercial traveler, who happened to be temporarily absent, and has returned to find his claim jumped by five children, is mad about it. There are four ladies in the invading party, and thirty-two children. The youngest child can just walk, and the eldest is so young that the conductor can't get a single half-fare out of the whole crowd. So many children, all rugged and healthy as kids, apportioned between four mothers, isn't so bad.

If the gentleman with the Kentucky breath, sitting in the next seat, leans over much further in his effort to see what I am writing, he will fall into the coal-box. What did I tell you? There he goes. But I was wrong in my diagnosis. We struck the other curve, and he fell out of the window.

The ladies hereinbefore mentioned are conversing in Pennsylvania Dutch. It is a most distracting language to listen to. About one-fifth of the words are plain English, and the rest are half-breeds and thoroughbred Dutch. So you can understand just enough of what they say to make you wild to know the rest of it.

I find that I was mistaken in attributing those thirty-two children to four mothers. One of the ladies, I learn, is the mother of the other three. That makes it about right. I thought the families were rather small for this country.

—R. J. Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

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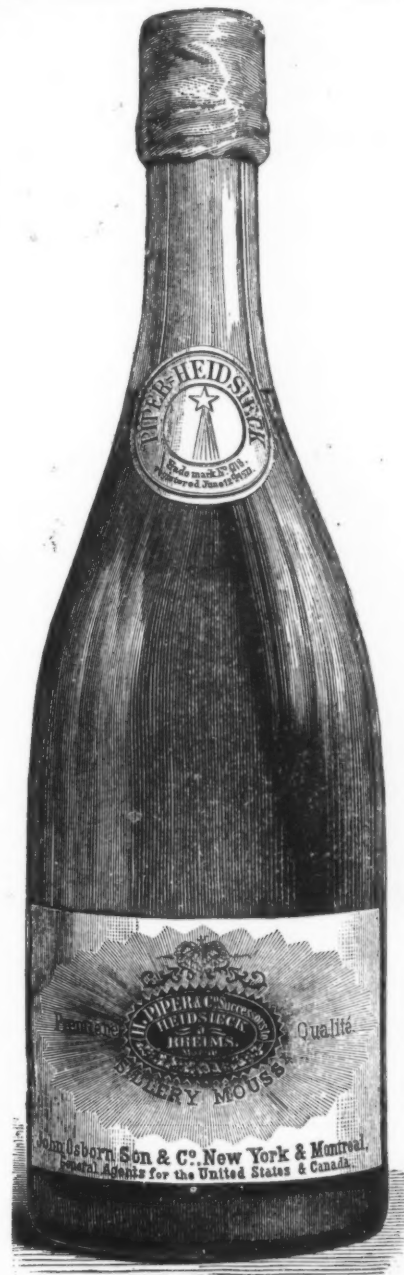
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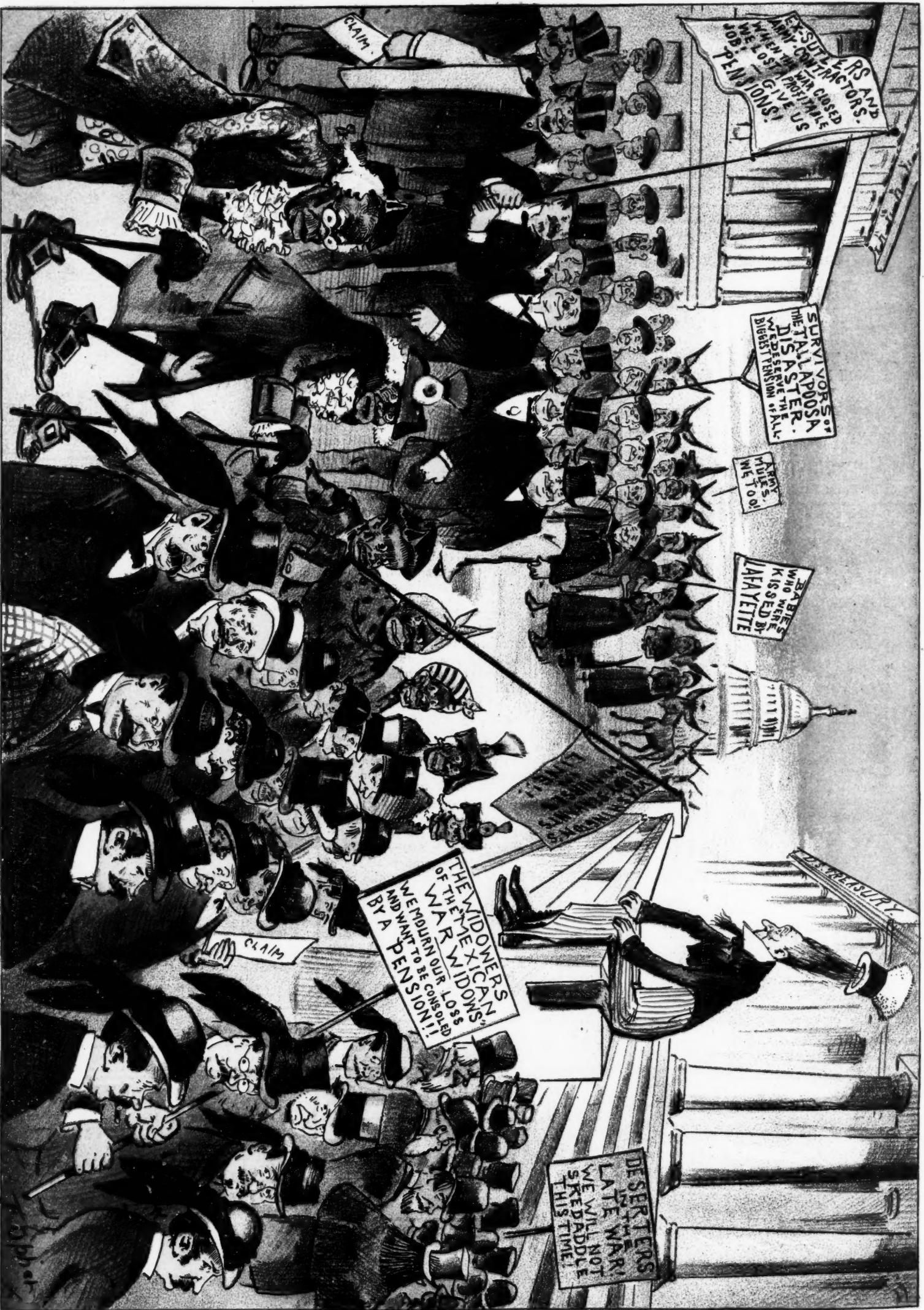
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